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MOSCOW'S MEASURE

POT SHOTS AND SECOND THOUGHTS

WHAT IS MAN?

TWO CONSTABLES AND EROS

Vol. XIII, No. 8 30 Cents

WHAT IS MAN?

A Juggler with no audience, doing His round of empty halls,
Longed for someone staring, tense, to watch the myriad coloured balls,
Even a child to cup his chin and wonder at the Juggler's play,
At how He made the planets spin and tossed the sun to light the day.
And then His heart broke into song; but there was none to sing it to:
He had been lonely overlong, man, when He suddenly found you!
And when He came upon your face, deep in the mirror of His mind,
And plucked you from that misty place, there was His joy at last defined.
So, "What is man," the Psalmist cries, "that God is mindful of him?" Man?
Man is His second self, the prize He waited for since time began.
Man is the Son of Man, and I take glory in his pedigree,
For He the angels praise on high chose death and shame for love of me.

TWO CONSTABLES AND EROS

You ask me why there is no other theme
than love to draw me near the sacred fire,
why feats of science or the latest scheme
of justice do not stir me till I tire
of such worn wonders as a coil of hair
catching the moonlight in a golden ring
and all the variants of that antique air
so sung to death you wonder why I sing.
Checking the sap your wintry science blows
identity, its cooling lie. Your law
at most may spray the fungus from the rose.
Two constables, they cannot overawe
the ragged urchin with his papered comb
who shrills of love even as he runs from home.

Bells ring in Moscow and we all celebrate the exploit of Yuri Gagarin and the engineer-scientists of the Soviet Union. Even Washington joins in the celebration; while at the same time invasion takes place in Cuba an invasion incubated and hatched in Washington-controlled territory.

We have been asked to republish *Moscow's Measure*, which we gladly do with renewed plea to the Western Capitals, very much including this time: Washington!

MOSCOW'S MEASURE

Impression of a Visit

By Kenneth Lesl.e

Gripfast

A famous youth with a marcel wave,
Back in London from a visit to Moscow,
Was interviewed for a gossip column—
So! You've been there! What did you make of it?
"Utterly dreary! In a word, dull!
And the women! Dear me! Utterly drab!"
Yet he admitted (they sometimes do)
He felt a bit guilty talking this way
For he had met "really fantastic kindness"
But of course he must call the shots as he found them,
Besides, he *liked* the jewelled stars
Of the very dead but *undrab* czars.
Moreover this is the yarn they need
To darn the holes in their cold war creed.
I chanced upon this dismal tale
The day I too had just returned
From that same city (was it the same?)
Swallowing hard the pain of parting,
In my ears the soaring reeds
Of children singing, toppling towers
Of ancient madness, carolling
Of fresh days dawning, in my hands
And heart the warmth of gripfast friendship.

Forty Years

Not being one of these angry young men
I've lived quite long enough to remember
Forty years of the Revolution,
Forty years of socialist building,
Forty years of a new creation,
All in the face of the twisted reluctance
Of men to give birth to a new creation,
Each year marked for death by strangling,

Death by onslaught, death by treason,
Death in diplomatic pouches,
Forty years of hurt and hatred:
Bullitt, Herbert Hoover, Hitler,
Chamberlain and Ernest Bevin,
Churchill, Eden and Lord Attlee,
Mussolini, Salazar,
Pacelli, Franco and the world
Council of (Rockefeller) Churches—
Volumes would not hold the names
Of those sad abortionists
Whining to cold war crescendo.
Even the year of Stalingrad,
When the world's fate hung in balance
And the Reds were hailed as saviours,
Secretly still marked for murder,
Yes, and today still marked . . . but wait . . .

The Sun Spoke

New moons are rising on our small dark world
Out of a patient Moscow worker's home.
His name is Stepan. He is a carpenter.
He is no dream. I really saw this man.
His wife and child were laughing by his side.
This is the man whose little flashing moons
Have shocked a mad world to a listening mood.
From him new challenges have passed through doors
Long barred and bolted out of pity's reach
With sharp constraint that may not be denied.
Believe my words, I sensed a radiance there
More potent than the pride in their new moons,
Though in that pride ran clear the promises
Of human comets cruising to the stars.
But more than stars and moons I felt the sun
There in that happy room, the very sun
That Mayakovsky gave a cup of tea to.
Out of their eyes the sun drew judgment up
And with their lips pronounced it:
I am the source
Of life. And life is love. I warmed the world
For life. And life is love. These are my tongue.
My breath is hot. They speak at my command.
They give you my command: Love one another!
My breath is short. My patience has an end.
Now school is out! Your time is up! Compete
In works of love!

All this I heard him say
Tenderly, sternly, in this family's words.
No copy here, but the original heat
Of history and the overmastering will
Of upwards of a billion human souls.

Nineteen Seventeen

In that black decade when the Nazi slime
Flooded their land and dragged their cities down
'Twas likely dull enough before Rzhev
Where in a dug-out the writer Leland Stowe
Stopped by to take a meal with the Red Soldiers,
And these men tired out with the endless fighting
Were happy in their hour of sacrifice
To share their food and friendship with the stranger
And thanked him warmly for coming to visit them,
So that an unexpected communication
Flashed between them; and the puzzled scribe
Found a thing that was hard to get into his story
Without adding a colour to the moral spectrum.
For who shall name the qualities of the Red Army?
And who shall give an account of the nature of Leningrad
Except by pronouncing "Leningrad?" Who can describe
The hero cities except by calling their roll?
History yields one man to measure them by,
One name in the human story,
The carpenter of Nazareth,
Incendiary of love,
Whose love lit trains of fire
To burn all empires down,
Who fought and died for the creed
That history kept faith with
In 1917.

New Man

As I talked with a Moscow child,
Yes, there in the eyes of Boris
I saw the Nazarene. He walks the streets.
In the beautiful subways, there he stands
And gives way to the aged and to the stranger.
He has broken, 'tis he who has broken the icon
And assisted God down off his throne
To make a man of him.
He is risen, 'tis true. He is risen to stay
On the earth, the seed and the sower,

The wheat and the reaper, the lover, the worker,
The student, the teacher, the giver, the taker.
He is man and his world. And his way with his world
Is freedom, and sharing, and friendship, and peace.
Time out of mind the money-mad did kill
The carpenter. It was always the same old story—
Murder him first on trumped-up treason's hill,
Then spurn him after death with a bastard glory.
But this new builder is hard to handle.
His rising now adds might to right
As he tosses aloft a red-starred candle
And opens an age of life and light.

Challenge

Brooding on my time in Moscow,
Scarce believing it could happen
That my hands had touched the dream,
Found the flesh and blood fulfillment
Of my life in Stepan's power,
In Varya's peace, in Yuri's promise,
Here's the challenge they sent with me
To the great towns of the West:

March

New York, pride of the Western world,
    All you cities of power and pleasure,
London, Paris, are your flags all furled?
    Move you, march to Moscow's measure!
Scuff the mire of profit-lust
    Off the soles of your dragging feet!
Left! March! This is a must.
    March to the rhythm of Moscow's beat!
Men of faith, believers all,
    Spend your hoarded moral treasure,
Rouse you, break tradition's thrall,
    Move you, march to Moscow's measure
Answer you all her trumpet call
    To shelter, to feed, to clothe, to find
The lost that fail, the lame that fall,
    And lift the fallen and light the blind!
March, march, into the light,
    Children pleading, time is fleeting,
Forward now! The day grows bright
    Left, Left! where your heart is beating!

☆ ★ ☆

POT SHOTS AND SECOND THOUGHTS

The Ground of our beings doesn't ask to be worshipped or kowtowed to, but to be understood and communed with (not as with an Object outside us) as the very Condition of our being and becoming.

Letter to the National Guardian: Ardsley, N. Y.

Dr. and Mrs. Harry F. Ward met at Northwestern University, whence they graduated in 1897. Daisy went as a bride with Dr. Ward to his first Methodist church, the Northwestern University Settlement, back of the stockyards in Chicago.

All through the 61 years she was the wife of Dr. Ward, she stood with him, accompanying him on his two trips to Russia, in 1924 and in 1931. She was always active in the Methodist Church, and for many years was Sunday school superintendent in Englewood, N.J.

She took part in the Thirties, where she engaged in picketing and once was arrested. As the arresting officer helped her into the paddy wagon, he said, "Mother, you ought not to be here!"

We who knew her through these years remember seeing her motherly and smiling face at meetings. Now she has gone. Rich will be her Crown!

LEE H. BALL

We had been sorry to hear of the illness of Dr. Lajos Veto, a good friend, Senior Bishop of the Hungarian Lutheran Church, who was stricken with a heart thrombosis in June 1959. Now he is well enough to work in his office and resume his scholarly theological labours. Slainte 'gus sil' agut! Health and life to him!

Korea, Laos, Congo: The United States backed Syngman Rhee in Korea. The United States backed Boun Oum in Laos. And the United States backs the Kasavubu regime in the Congo which as Nehru says is "hand-picked, without any popular backing or constitutional sanction."

The Souvanna Phouma government, conceded to be neutralist, will likely replace the U.S.—supported Boun Oum if a change takes place. But, as Kumar Goshal puts it in the *National Guardian,* "neutrality would be meaningless to the Laotians unless nonalignment with the power blocs opens up opportunities for them rapidly to improve their living conditions."

President Kennedy has said he favors neutrality for Laos. If he means it he must reverse the policy of the Eisenhower admin-

istration. This will involve his resistance to those pressures that made that administration the friend of reaction throughout the world. The current bombing of Cuba does not speak well for this resistance.

Stephen Fritchman has a salutory word to say about myths: "they do not arm a man for courage like that of Jesus or Moses. Quite the contrary, they seem to me to obscure and distract, and above all to anaesthetize, the conscience at the very moment the world needs its conscience stabbed wide awake."

Karl Jaspers, a German philosopher, has written a book called *The Future of Mankind.* It has been just reviewed in the *New Republic* by William Lee Miller, who says it is a good book about politics. His theme is the need for a "new man" and a "new way of thinking" to deal with the new "atomic" world. He says, "either all mankind will perish or there will be a change in the moral-political condition of man." He hopes that this change will come about in America (USA) in which he posits the "sure foundation" of the political reality of the West. He rejects neutralism as well as Communism. He embraces the West and especially America, "today the area of decision in the world of political reality." To this area of decision we would add Russia, China, and, to a lesser extent Britain, not to speak of the Afro-Asian nations who may decide certain things for themselves.

Jaspers is praised by Miller for his criticism of "our modern technological mind:" "Our time thinks in terms of "knowing how to do it' even when there is nothing to be done. We want to find salvation in a technological conquest of technology . . . our thinking is not wholly serious until we come to the end of our 'know-how.' Our age must learn that some things are beyond 'doing.'" No doubt this is important. Miller thinks it is. Our age, insofar as it is the age uniquely of know-how, is not human. But know-how for profit is one thing; know-how for use is another. Know-how for profit is feverish, frantic, cruel. Know-how for use is easy, effective, aware of its limits. Jaspers fails to make the distinction.

Mrs. Cyrus Eaton recently gave an interview to newsmen in Cleveland, Ohio, and said it was outrageous for U.S. Secretary of State Dean Rusk to return from Bangkok with the enthusiasm he had over SEATO's willingness for action, since neither France

nor Britain were willing to use military force in Laos. According to UPI she charged that the United States had corrupted everything it has touched, claiming that 70% of U.S. aid to Laos had landed in the pockets of grafters.

Then there is a piece about President Eisenhower's model farm with big oil-men as silent partners, who kicked in with a total of $508,000, according to the *York Gazette* and Drew Pearson. "In days of yore," says *Facts for Farmers,* "every farm boy could cherish the hope of someday becoming President but now farm costs are so high that, it seems, only a president can hope to become a farmer. While the Eisenhower administration took the position that subsidies were bad for farmers, there are of course exceptions to every rule and the Eisenhower Farms were definitely an exception."

Buddha Spoke Peace . . . The essence of Buddhism is peace. In all his teachings Lord Buddha stressed this fact . . . he was called Santhi Nayaka, the leader of peace. His teachings on peace are not preached in the abstract, nor are they divested from the material well-being of humanity . . . We know of the great Emperor Asoka whose vast empire extended up to Persia . . . on embracing Buddhism he renounced his imperialist conquests and restored the countries he had occupied to those from whom he had taken them by force . . . All Buddhists throughout the world oppose imperialism. We work with other faiths to establish peace. Thus saith the Reverend Narawila Dhammaratana.

From a Reader's Letter . . . "They carried the Krushchev speech locally on the radio except that part where he told about how one backward Soviet Republic with 89% illiteracy in Czarist times, had become a modern state, the implication being clear to the African delegates: you can do likewise if you follow the path we have blazed. H. heard it and said that from the standpoint of structure and content it was the finest speech he had ever heard. The newspapers didn't give very much, only the parts they could turn upside down and the arguments they could demolish. The commentators talked about a 'bored audience, tired of Communist cliches.' H. says the applause was terrific.

"Anyway I feel the same as I did when Mr. K. was here before and made his proposals for complete disarmament to the UN. For the first time in history, not an idealist, not a dreamer or a poet, or a religious leader, or a writer, but the head of a sovereign

state, one of the "Great Powers", is now proposing that we make Isaiah's prophecy come true in our lifetime . . . some day mankind will embrace Mr. Krushchev's proposal for complete disarmament, and the age of Peace will be ushered in. One of the truest sayings ever spoken is 'what man can envision, man can do.' "

The World Council of Churches is having an Essay Competition on the theme: "What does it mean for the local congregation to say: *I believe in the Holy Catholic Church?*"

The Irish Creed, as set forth in the Antiphonary of Bangor, has several features to be found in no other baptismal creed, and among these is the insertion of *esse* between *sanctam* and *ecclesiam*, thus making it explicit that the ancient Irish Church professed belief "that there is," not "in" a holy Catholic Church. I am quoting from the journal of Theological Studies, July, 1938, as condensed in the Protestant Digest, Nov. 1938. Other Gallican Creeds indicate, though less markedly than the Irish, a change of construction between the "Holy Spirit" and the "Church" clauses.

Now let us quote from the World Council's leaflet setting forth the conditions of the competition: "Essayists are asked to describe the biblical and theological basis for preaching and teaching in a local church regarding the relation of that congregation to the Una Sancta which we confess in our creeds." "What does it mean for the local congregation to say: *"I believe in the Holy Catholic Church?"*

In our humble opinion it means belief in a thing made with human hands, a known thing, an observable thing, as if it were an invisible thing, an unknowable thing. It means the erection of the Holy Catholic Church into the place of God. It is a subtle form of idolatry. Is it the ambition of the World Council of Churches to promote a Holy Catholic Church? With Roman co-operation? Would Rome sacrifice her Romanism to form with non-Roman churches a Holy Catholic Church? "Where two or three are gathered in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Where is the Church that God is in? Some barkeepers in a certain city convened and at their convention they welcomed their brothers of dark colour. In the same city at the same time there happened to be a convention of church people, but the church people kept their dark brothers at arm's length. Where was God? Where was the spirit of Jesus?

As long as we identify God with any institution of religion we are *atheistic.*

We have a letter from a very good friend, Dr. Frank Fourney of Prince Albert, discussing among other things fluoridation or

adding sodium fluoride (a poison worse than arsenic used to kill rats) to communal water on the pretext that it will prevent tooth decay. He adds "sodium fluoride has *no taste or smell* (hence the best rat poison), so the people are apathetic. It is a slow but sure poison, and also very corrosive, acting on the equipment and water pipes, and is very costly: because 99½% goes down the drain." It costs $1,000.00 to get 54 cents result.

"My unanswerable argument is that even if it is a miracle drug, why make *everybody* drink it, when tablets are available for those wanting or needing them, i.e., children under school age. It is harmful after eight years, chiefly to all adults, the sick and afflicted, the aged and allergics.

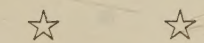
"I am fighting pork barrels of money on a shoe string. Our paper bans all anti-F matter." "I have stacks of material from experts and authorities against fluoridation but can't get it before the public. Very few know about it. Dr. F. B. Exner, Seattle, has proved it a criminal hoax."

"The Hoax," according to Dr. Fourney, "is that the Aluminum Trusts *must* get rid of their *piles* of poison wastes (which they can't dump in rivers and lakes) so they sell it to municipalities at a big profit ($4,000,000 per year for fluorides for Chicago alone), so they can afford to buy up the Press and all other public bodies, working through the USA Public Health Services and through service clubs and analagous bodies in Canada."

This reminds us that scientists and scientific bodies may be purchased by profit-making institutions and their findings thus vitiated. Science can be more objective and trustworthy in a non-profit society.

EDUCATION

They would have served a name, with song to stay it;
But we made gold the game, and so they play it.
They would play love for loss, did they but know it;
But we make greed the toss, and so they throw it.



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